342 dations, and the walls erected, every stone for which old Nadíro totted down the mountain side on his own back.

● 531 We often said to each other: "These Hunza people are no artists; that's one reason perhaps why they are so sensible and so like ourselves." But when we looked at the millions and myriads of stones that held their fields, each one in its place, and all fitted as neatly as a jigsaw puzzle, when we examined the lovely curves and tapering points of their five-pronged winnowing forks and the lashings of gut or sinew that bound them, we agreed that they were artists after all—in their own medium.

531 For many months we saw Nadíro spending every spare
342 moment on the site, squaring and planing and trimming the posts and rafters, door-frames and cupboards that will be the pride of his posterity. He was lavishing great care on capitals, and ornamenting them and the lintels with fancy carvings. Except in the house of a special carpenter, carving is not indulged in in Hunza (a great contrast in this respect to Chitral, or even Yasin, where the Chitral tradition has penetrated). The few carved doors and windows that you see in the old forts and mosques at Áltít and Báltít probably date back to
[346] the Balti craftsmen who built them. There is a little old mosque in Aliábád attractively carved, but no one could tell us for certain whether some foreign craftsman had done the work or local men. The ordinary peasant house, at any rate, has none—Hunza peasant architecture is essentially "functional."

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2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

homes, and the women know no other. The existence of this interesting language-island, within the language-island of Burushaski, had been unsuspected by European scholars till DL set about investigating it. He could not devote much time to it, but gleaned enough to establish the fact—inherently probable—that it is of Indian origin, and that it has (less predictably) interesting affinities with the Gypsy of Europe, which survives even in South Wales. It is a curious fact that the Doms of Gilgit (who conjecturally are of the same stock as the Doms of India and the Béricho of Hunza) have abandoned their own language in favour of Shina. This may well be because Shina has a close relationship to Sanskrit and the modern Indian vernaculars, which Burushaski lacks, and is incomparably easier to learn.

While every Hunza family plies its own essential crafts, there are a few specially expert folk—like the master-carpenters of whom I have spoken—who undertake the weaving, turning, and milling for their neighbours. Amongst the two hundred families of Aliábád there were perhaps seven or eight recognized weavers, twice as many millers, and at least one lathe-master.

We were fortunate in having, on the Middle Channel above us within a few minutes' climb, two master-weavers, old Dádo of No. 7 and Ustád Nadíro of No. 8. The narrow road-plus-water-channel that passed their houses was barely 3 feet wide, and was one of the main internal thoroughfares; but this had not prevented them from digging themselves a loom-pit under the shelter of the house wall, leaving an effective track of scarcely a foot for passers-by to squeeze along, cows, sheep, goats, or people. No one seemed to resent the encroachment. At a pinch you could always step down into the water-channel, full or empty as it might chance. During the pressure of harvest these pits had stood untenanted, and I wondered when the weaving was going to begin.

One day I had been sitting with one of Afiato's daughters-in-law, who was embroidering a festive cap for herself, asking the names of the various stitches and patterns and studying her style of sewing. There is a huge vocabulary connected with

[192] embroidering, and I had filled several pages of my notebook
531 when her attention was diverted by the cow she was minding.
It had plunged down a 6-foot wall and was enjoying itself in a
000 neighbour's ripening crop. "Excuse me," said Gohir Nimo,
"having smitten the cow I shall come back." She did, and we
resumed the lesson. I took the needle and ventured on a few
stitches. "Oh, you can sew like us!" she exclaimed with sur-
prise. There were so many everyday things I could not do just
like them that her surprise was justified. Soon I noticed her
growing restive: "I haven't yet had my morning bread; I
286 expect you had yours before you came out. Good-bye." As
she left me, chivvying her cow homewards, I looked round for
new occupation, and saw old grandfather of No. 7 climbing
cautiously down a field wall with a shapeless bundle under his
arm. I worked my way across country to the empty field he had
made for, to see what was toward and found to my delight
that he was getting his loom into order. Moth had played some
havoc with his heddle threads and a finicky job he had to re-
place them. When this was done he called a son or two to
help him to lay out the warp. They set up and steadied the
loom with stones, then drove a peg into the ground so many
cubits off. One of the assistants made fast one end and then
paid out the wool from a fat ball of doubled thread, slung it
round the peg, and brought it back to grandfather, who at-
tached it with an ingenious knot that defied my analysis, and off
went another loop round the distant peg. When these prelimi-
naries were over, for which the flat space of the open field was
necessary, the old man assembled his loom again and climbed
up the wall to set it up in his pit and get to work. Hunza
homespun is of a most beautiful thick quality, as unlike as
possible to the loose, semi-transparent cloth that hand-weavers
at home achieve, a stuff that would not withstand the hard
wear of Hunza fields for an instant. Two hundred and forty
warp threads go to the width of 9 or 10 inches of cloth.

The tiny pit is almost square—2 feet by 2 feet 9 inches—and
just 2 feet deep; the sides of it are revetted inside with small
stones on the model of the field walls and edged at the top with
a wooden kerb, fitted with holes into which pegs can be in-

And they have a varied repertoire of berries, roots and herbs from which they prepare simple medicines for their needs. Nowadays they are able to attend the Government dispensary in Aliábád, but its nostrums have not yet undermined their faith in their own home-made remedies. We very much wished that we had possessed some knowledge of medical botany and could have brought home records of their medicine; but like so many other branches of knowledge which we regretfully ignored, it would have been a specialist's job, and we had out hands full enough with our own work and all too little time at our disposal.

During the imprisonment of winter the women cut and stitch the winter cloaks, adorning each long seam with a double row of backstitching, which is not only seemly to the eye but serves to hold the raw edges in place. The stiff, shaped collar is decorated with varied designs, diamonds, triangles, and straight lines in the same backstitch. Happily few of them can yet afford to let Dirzi Nazir replace their time-honoured skill with the soulless, cotton stitchery of his sewing machine. We noted with grief that the beautifully hand-embroidered *chogas* with which the Mir presented us this time all had their seams Singer-sewn, and had thus lost (for us) much of their charm.

With prudent foresight the woman makes the *choga* six good inches too long for its destined wearer, and introduces a deep tuck above its lower edge. It will last at least three years and will shrink in successive washings. You can tell at a glance whether a man is wearing his best, or medium, or oldest *choga* by the depth—or absence—of the tuck. In former days embroidery was the monopoly of the few royal ladies who beguiled the tedium of their too-sheltered life by decorating *chogas* with bold designs in bright-coloured silks, or working raised patterns of gold and silver on velvet saddle-cloths, and above all in elaborating delicate designs in cross-stitch for the crown and border of their lovely little caps. Where we clumsily work cross-stitch with wool on canvas, they painstakingly cross-stitch the individual threads of calico with bright, gay silks. The patterns are infinitely varied—we possess dozens of specimens of this fine work, no two are alike—but

The Burusho women .. Analyse

all appeared to us to suggest Persian inspiration. I heard one lady say with regret for a golden past: "What is the world coming to? Why nowadays the very peasant girls embroider silken caps for themselves!"

True enough; now that a little money filters into almost every home the women can get hold of coloured silk from India or Kashgar, and it was a common sight to see girls and women open a tiny home-made bag that hung on their tunic, and take out a strip or circle of calico, a needle, and a bunch of silk, and continue work on a dainty cap. The threads of the cloth were carefully counted and the design traced out in black thread. The silks they used were unspun, clinging masses that I found impossible to handle, and how they manipulated them so skilfully with fingers roughened, you would have thought, by field work, I could not divine. For about 1s. 6d. they can buy enough silk to cover one cap with minute embroidery, and they blend their colours, red, blue, green, orange, purple, yellow, and black, with unerring taste. We laid in a store of their favourite shades so that on occasion we could make an acceptable gift to a bride preparing her trousseau.

After a first experience of trifling gifts of balls and combs we had decided that it would be a crime to spoil the simple, spontaneous kindness of the children or their parents by indiscriminate giving. So we restrained a longing to distribute even sweets and pins, and only made an occasional present on very special occasions or for very definite services rendered. On the other hand, we made a note of such things as would be useful and acceptable, and gathered a hoard of them for our ultimate visits of farewell.

Amongst the women's crafts I have already mentioned the neat little "ashtrays" they conjure from the residual mush of apricot kernels after they have extracted the oil. Washing is amongst them a simple matter. Having no fat, they can make no soap, but there is a plant, called *himan*, which they grow amongst their vegetables, the seeds of which when pounded yield a delightful soapy lather. This is used for special washings only. Every-day cotton clothes are simply rinsed in cold water, flung on a flat stone and beaten with a wooden mallet. When

In Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-8) 1935 AVT Burusho AVT

439 shares, sickles, shovel-blades, axes, adze-heads and cooking-pots. A few aluminium vessels may now be seen in the hands of the peasants. Any iron work done locally is done by the Bërisho (sg. Bërits; brəri-to, brəri-tal), corresponding to the Doms of Gilgit, who provide the musicians and metal-workers of the community and are regarded as at the bottom of the social scale. They are probably, as elsewhere, of foreign (Indian?) origin. Carpentry, formerly also [D35] within the sphere of the Bërisho, is now generally practised by individual Burusho.

Cotton cloth, now used by practically the whole population of both sexes for shirts and trousers, is imported. Some foreign shoes and sandals may also be seen. All the sugar and most of the salt used are also imported. Both are in demand and the import apparently does not satisfy the public desire, the cost being no doubt the obstacle.

483 Tailors and washermen form no part of the indigenous social scheme, but nowadays one or two men can be found who have some skill in these crafts acquired abroad.

Arts.

● 531 I have seen very little of decoration or ornamentation in any medium, nor any aesthetic production which could be classified under the heading of the plastic arts. Embroidery until very recently was practised only in the harems of the élite. The ordinary women who are free to pursue, in the open and unveiled, their domestic functions and many kinds of agricultural work, are sufficiently occupied to feel little urge to concern themselves with such elegant trifling, but the girls and young women, before and after marriage, embroider caps for themselves with taste and skill.

Occasional specimens of wood-carving are to be seen, chiefly in the derelict masjids.

535 613 534 Of the other arts, dancing is a traditional and living institution, and is still practised on ceremonial occasions by even the highest ranks of society. The accompanying music is, however, supplied by the despised Bërisho. Occasionally the notes of a flute in the hands of an amateur is heard and the sitār is known.

Aan *dam* IUB. simple and stupid, honest and simple. H. *sarda lirḍ, sirdha sardha.* 000

Aan Aan, Aanan, Aanaw x y; Ain Ain h.

1. One another, each other. V. § 134. 96.7, 154.13, 156.2.

2. Aan Aan one each. V. § 207.

(See also references under Ain).

Aanī sg. and pl., double pl. *Aanīnā*, x kernel (of apricot, peach, cherry etc.), apricot kernel. H. *gīrī.* — *Aadamo Aanīan bi* it is an almond kernel. *Aadamo Aanī bi'an* there are almond kernels. *ardin ẓokan Aan'i aiawa* they make (ready) 2 chops of apricot kernels. 308.1. (Cp. Sh. Aanī).

Aanik -otn x. 415 531

1. Big wooden vessel for food (shallower than a bowl, and deeper than a dish or platter). — *maltale Aanik* a dish of butter. 340.1. Cp. 340 13—19, 342.1,2.

Regarding the old Sepfao kanike at Baltit and Yasin see Text No. XIII, p. 208.

The former, said to date from the time of Alexander the Great(?), I have seen and handled. It is cut out of a single piece of cheaper wood and is 29" in diameter. The upper surface presents a gentle uniform concave curve, and bears 3 sets of lines, each set consisting of 3 slightly incised lines. It is crossed by four copper bands which intersect at the centre and divide the circle into 8 equal sectors.

On the underside and towards the centre four protuberances of wood have been left to act as feet. Nearer the circumference 4 iron handles are attached to it by iron chains.

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

who climbs the lofty crags around Hunza to bring down the Marco Polo sheep or ovis poli is entitled to his bag. But after all, who am I to deal so generously with the life of another animal?

Then the Mir had for me two Hunzan hats of the type that the men wear and also two women's hats, the latter brightly colored and very neatly embroidered. He also gave me a bolt of elegantly embroidered red silk, displaying a young man and woman, a bird of paradise and what was more appropriate, a yak. Then last but not least, laying beside the other items was a white hairy mass, which for the moment I did not recognize. It was a yak's tail.

Then he said, "There is a pair of typical native Hunzan shoes being made especially for you and they will be sent to you as soon as available. I'd like to send the shoes to you later, because I am waiting for some new hides which some of my men will bring down from high up in the mountains when they've had a chance to bring down some of the ovis poli. I want you to have the best."

"I guess I can wait for the shoes," I jested. "The ones I am wearing, plus another pair that I have in my knapsack, will carry me back along the Hunza trail, I think, but I certainly will be happy to have a pair of Hunzan shoes as another momento of my visit to your most enchanting country."

Then suddenly a thought occurred to me and I said to the Mir, "I notice all of your men are clean-shaven . . . that is, except for the occasional one now and then who has a little beard around his chin. Therefore I know for certain that you must practice shaving in Hunza. Yet I have seen nowhere a sign of a razor. Further, I'm reasonably sure that this is one part of the world that King Gillette has not invaded with his